

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE LOSS

OF

THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES,

MESSRS. WHITE, HILLIER, TRUSCOTT, OKE, AND JONES,
WITH MRS. WHITE AND MRS. TRUSCOTT, AND THEIR CHILDREN
AND SERVANTS,

IN

THE MARIA MAIL-BOAT,

OFF THE ISLAND OF ANTIGUA, IN THE WEST INDIES,

FEBRUARY 28, 1826.

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THE following painfully affecting Account is chiefly drawn up by Mrs. Jones, the only survivor of those who, by so mysterious a Providence, were arrested in the course of their labours, and in the vigour of life and usefulness; and called to their eternal rest from those bereaved Societies, for whose spiritual benefit they had left their native land, and amongst whom some of them had administered the word of life for several years. The narrative appeals so directly to the heart, and so obviously teaches its own moral lessons, that no comment is necessary to introduce it. The friends of Missions will have the satisfaction to find, that those excellent men, whose loss is so deplored both at home and in the West Indies, exhibited in their dangers and sufferings, a calmness and resignation, and a zeal for the salvation of the seamen, their fellow-sufferers, worthy of their hopes as Christians, and of their characters as Missionaries of JESUS CHRIST. Perhaps that she might give this testimony to the closing scene and consistent conduct of these servants of GOD, was among the reasons why, in the providence of GOD, Mrs. Jones was so singularly preserved. The impression produced in the Colonies where they were known, has been very deep; and we doubt not that this afflictive event will be over-ruled for the promotion of the spiritual benefit of the Mission Societies.

We have introduced Mrs. Jones's Account by extracts from Mr. Hyde's Journal, as they trace the previous circumstances, and show particularly that blessed and prepared frame of mind in which the Brethren were living, and the spirit in which they engaged in their ministerial duties during the time they were

detained in Montserrat. We have added to Mrs. Jones's Account some subsequent particulars, taken also from Mr. Hyde's Journal.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. HYDE TO THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY COMMITTEE, DATED MONTSERRAT, APRIL 5, 1826.

BY THE last packet you received the distressing intelligence of the loss of our dear Brethren, White, Truscott, Hillier, Oke, and Jones, with Mrs. White, and three children, and Mrs. Truscott, and one child. Not knowing that any one had written to you, I endeavoured to send you a few lines, but so agitated and afflicted was I that I scarcely knew what I wrote. As soon, however, as I could become calm, I saw it to be my duty to hasten to Antigua. This duty, under the blessing of God; I performed without delay, and a most painful duty I will assure you it was. This circumstance, however, with that of the dear Brethren and Sisters having spent their last days with us, put me in possession of a variety of painfully interesting particulars connected with this most afflictive event, which no one else can have. Knowing that you will wish to have all the information you can get, I send you, without loss of time, the following copious extracts from my Journal.

Montserrat, February 23d. THURSDAY.—By the good providence of God, I and Mrs. Hyde again landed here, from the District-Meeting. We left St. Kitt's yesterday, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in company with the Brethren White, Hillier, Truscott, Jones, and Oke; Sisters White, Truscott, and Jones; Brother White's three children, and Brother Truscott's little son, with two servants. Upon the whole, we had as good a passage as we generally have in our District vessels; never enviable, and sometimes scarcely tolerable. The Brethren and their families landed, and rested with us about four hours. Brother Oke preached to a good congregation, from, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all, Amen." (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) It was a blessed season: One of our intelligent friends said, "that it was one of the best sermons he ever heard." A respectable coloured young woman was deeply affected under it, and is likely to be a seal to his ministry. We then affectionately look our leave of each other, and the Brethren sailed for Antigua.

The District-Meeting was one of considerable importance, and of deep solemnity and profit. The Missionary Meetings were well attended and the collections were good. The word preached was eagerly received by the people, and the large new chapel was often crowded. The Sacramental occasions were seasons of great refreshing, as were also the Band-Meetings. The death and

funeral of our dear Brother Gilgrass much affected us, and served to solemnize a District-Meeting never to be forgotten. He had been upwards of twenty years in the work, and honourably, yea, enviably died in it. He died surrounded by his weeping Brethren, and was the next day carried by eight of us to his grave. His life was one of devotedness to God, and his death was peace.

FRIDAY, 24th.—I was surprised and alarmed to-day about eleven o'clock by a messenger running to my house, saying, "The schooner is coming back, Sir, the Missionary Schooner." I went off to her as soon as possible. The sea was very high, and it was long before I could get on board. I however hailed her, and received the very acceptable answer, "All is well." When I reached her the Brethren informed me, that there was a heavy sea in the channel,—that they had had a bad night, with the wind right a-head; and, that they were drifting down to Nevis, and saw no probability of reaching Antigua whilst the wind and sea continued as they were. Their wives and children had been very ill, and the Captain had given it as his opinion that it would be more prudent to return than to proceed. I thanked God that they were safe, and gave them a welcome to every comfort that my house would afford. When on shore they all soon forgot their troubles. We united to thank God for mercifully preserving them, and to pray to Him that their stay among us might be blessed to the people. Throughout the day the weather continued increasingly unfavourable. In the evening Brother Hillier preached a very useful sermon to a good congregation, from "*Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.*" (*Luke xii. 32.*) We all enjoyed it much, and it was quite a word in season.

SATURDAY, 25th.—The weather still boisterous: The night has been very stormy, and we are all thankful that the Brethren and Sisters were not exposed to it. This morning we had a solemn and delightful Prayer-Meeting in the chapel. We went also to see the Rector, and were kindly received. The day, however, has been one of anxiety to the Brethren; they are very wishful to reach their stations, but they see, as do all, that it would be imprudent for them now to attempt it, as the weather is worse. We are sorry for them and our dear people in Antigua, but it is a great privilege to our people here, and our hopes are great in reference to the coming Sabbath-day.

SUNDAY, 26th.—Brother White in the forenoon preached to us a profitable sermon from *1 John v. 19*: "And we know that we are of God." He afterwards with Brother Hillier administered to Brother Jones, Brother Oke, and myself, and to the Society, the sacrament of the LORD's Supper. It was a most solemn season. We next attended to the school, and at three o'clock Brother

Truscott preached to a large congregation in a very earnest manner. Brother Hillier preached at Little-Town. At night the chapel was crowded to hear Brother Jones, a man much beloved here. He gave us a most excellent sermon from 1 Sam. ii. 30 : “ Them that honour me I will honour.” I know not when I have seen such marked attention under a sermon, and such hopeful indications of good being effected. Brother White, his superintendent, observed to me afterwards, that it was the best sermon he had ever heard him preach. O thou most HOLY SPIRIT, by whose inspiration the Holy Scriptures were written, accompany with thy demonstrative energy, for JESUS’s sake, the word preached this day, and make it powerful to the salvation of all who have heard it!—I omitted to state, that Brother Oke went a few miles into the country this evening, and preached on Symns’s estate to a very large congregation. He appears to have been much blessed in the discharge of this duty to himself and to the people. His text was *Psalm xxiii.*

MONDAY, 27th.—The wind and sea still continue unfavourable, and the Brethren are very uneasy at their long detention. Brother Oke at six o’clock this morning preached a solemn and useful sermon, from 1 Chron. xxix. 15 : “ For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers ; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.” To illustrate his text he referred to the situation of his brethren and himself, “ We are strangers,” said he, “ and mere sojourners among you. We have been driven here by stress of weather ; we shall soon be gone again, and perhaps you will see us no more for ever. So it is with the children of men generally. We are all strangers and sojourners in this world ; we are hastening to another ; soon we shall leave all on earth and be no more seen here for ever,” &c. &c. About noon the Brethren met together in my study, to consult on what they should do. Our seafaring friends had given it as their most decided judgment that the Missionary schooner could not, in consequence of her various defects, beat up to Antigua for a number of days, if at all, so long as the wind and sea continued as they were. We sent for the captain, and asked him candidly to tell us what he thought of his vessel. “ Gentlemen,” he replied, “ it is an unpleasant thing for me to say any thing against my own vessel, but I do not think she will reach Antigua in less than four days, if this weather continues.” To be four days longer from their charge quite alarmed them, and in the end they determined to go in the *Maria*, mail-boat, Captain Whitney, which left here this evening at sun-set. She is a fine vessel, sails well, and it is to be hoped they will reach home to-morrow. The Mission-house was filled with people when it was known they were going. We sang the 536th hymn ; the whole

of it I felt to be very grateful to my feelings, but especially the words,

“ There we shall meet again
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more :
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.”

We next prayed with each other, and took an affectionate leave. May God in his abundant mercy give his angels charge over them.

WEDNESDAY, March 1st.—We have been much surprised to hear that the Brethren have not yet arrived in Antigua.

FRIDAY, 3d.—By another arrival from Antigua we have been much grieved to hear that the mail-boat has not arrived or been heard of. The people are beginning to be very uneasy about her.

TUESDAY, 7th.—How to record the mysterious, the overwhelming events of this day, I am at a loss to tell. My mind is almost distracted, and my heart broken. The *Maria* is lost ! The Brethren White, Hillier, Truscott, Jones, and Oke, the Sisters White and Truscott, with their dear children, (four in number,) their two servants, the captain and all but two of the crew are drowned ! Sister Jones alone has escaped to tell us ! Great God, what is thy design in this overwhelming affliction ? It lays reason prostrate, and strikes even thy people dumb before thee. They were blessed men. They were engaged in thy work. Thou didst recently baptize them anew with the HOLY GHOST, and they were hastening forward with renewed strength, to all human appearance, to be a greater blessing than ever to the churches ; and yet at a stroke thou hast broken off their purposes, desolated our expectations, left upwards of 3000 people joined in church fellowship, without a single spiritual pastor, and filled all our hearts with unutterable grief. O that we may have grace to “ be still, and know that thou art God.” Early this morning a mail-boat appeared in sight. I hastened to the bay; and stood with deep anxiety waiting the return of a boat from her. At length it left her, but came slowly towards the shore. The people wondered at their tardiness, but, alas ! the sad cause was soon developed. “ Have the Missionaries arrived ? ” was the eager inquiry. “ No,” was the distressing answer ; “ the mail-boat is lost, and all on board have perished but one woman.” I turned pale, trembled, and had nearly fainted, when it came to my recollection, “ some one will hasten up to the Mission-house and inform Mrs. Hyde, and I fear the consequence in her situation.” The thought of this set me in motion, and I reached home so much the picture of anguish, that my wife immediately saw what was the matter.

We wept together ; the whole house wept ; people flocked in on every hand to mingle their tears with ours. One voice of lamentation spread itself throughout the house. They had spent their last days with us, preached their last sermons to us, poured out their last prayers for us, and by their holiness, zeal, usefulness, and friendship, endeared themselves unto us. Such distress, I believe, was never witnessed here before, and so much affection for the memory of strangers was never manifested. At night we had a Prayer-Meeting in the chapel ; but sighs and tears drowned the voice of prayer for a time, and the place was a perfect Bochim.

Our distressed and affectionate people have hung the chapel in black at their own expense, and the Society and friends are going into mourning. To-night I endeavoured to improve the subject to a large and distressed congregation. "They mourned with a great and very sore lamentation," and so did I. O that some who are now dead in trespasses and sins may hear the voice of the Son of God in this affliction and live ! There is hope of this.

FRIDAY, 10th, *Antigua*.—Yesterday morning early I took leave of my most affectionate people and family, and set out on one of the most afflictive errands I ever had. My heart was deeply stricken. The wind was against us, and the sea in the channel was very heavy. However, the captain declared it was the finest day he had seen at sea for six weeks. Every thing reminded me of my dear Brethren. I could not sleep at night ; they were constantly before me in my imagination. As we approached the reefs on which they were wrecked, many melancholy reflections passed through my mind ; but though I had pains I had no fears, and tears and prayers more than once greatly relieved me. I landed about seven o'clock this morning, many hours sooner than we expected when we left Montserrat. When I entered the house of the friend where I intended to remain, my feelings were so overpowered that I could say little or nothing. At length I was enabled to ask after Mrs. Jones. I was informed that she was recovering. This relieved me much. Mrs. Hillier, I also found, endured her affliction in a very Christian-like manner. The Society were keeping the day as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. About 11 o'clock I saw Mrs. Jones. It was a most painful duty. I was much affected, but restrained myself for her sake, and I asked no questions about the painful occasion of our meeting. I prayed with her, and left her to the gracious care of God and the kind friends around her. I then went to the Prayer-Meeting in the chapel, and was pleased with the spirit of the people, and with a few remarks made by Mr. Garling, who, with Mr. Barnes, has conducted the services in the chapel since the death of the Missionaries. From the chapel I went to see Mrs.

Hillier, at English Harbour, a distance of about twelve miles. I found her in tears, surrounded by her children. When I entered the house she got up, raised her hands, and exclaimed, "O Mr. Hyde, what means all this?" The children laid hold of me, kissed me, and one of them said, it seemed as if his father had come again. It was a most touching scene. The LORD, however, mercifully strengthened her, and I was enabled to speak comfortably to her. Her mind was greatly relieved by my visit. I prayed with her, and then went up to our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, where I spent a few comfortable hours, and enjoyed one of the best night's rest that I have had since my dear Brethren rested in CHRIST. The LORD be praised for all his mercy to me, and to the dear widows of his servants now with him.

SATURDAY, 11th.—In the evening I visited Sister Jones, and found her much better. She is at the house of Joshua Kentish, Esq., the gentleman who most humanely delivered her from her perilous situation, and who with his kind lady strive day and night to do every thing in their power to restore and comfort her. Never was greater kindness shown to a stranger. May the LORD graciously reward them.

MR. HYDE received the account of the circumstances of the wreck from Mrs. Jones, upon her partial recovery: This was published in the *Missionary Notices* for July last, as a part of Mr. Hyde's Journal. Since Mrs. Jones has returned to England, she, at the request of the Committee, has furnished the following narrative:—

WEDNESDAY, February 1, 1826.—MR. JONES and myself left our dear people at Parham, in Antigua, engaged in prayer for our safety, and a speedy return. After a very affecting parting, we set out for the District Meeting, held in St. Christopher's; at six o'clock we arrived at St. John's. We expected to go on board immediately; but the Brethren thought it advisable that all of us should stay the night on shore, and sail early next morning. This was agreed upon; and, as it was the Missionary Prayer Meeting, Mr. Hillier, Mr. Oke, and Mr. Jones attended. Mr. Jones commenced with singing and prayer, Mr. Oke read the affecting account of the anxieties of our Brethren in New Zealand. The congregation were deeply affected. Mr. Jones concluded, by solemnly commanding our dear people, with ourselves and the rest of the Mission family, to God. How mysterious are the ways of the Most High!—Little did we think that this would be our last meeting in Antigua; or the people, that their Ministers were so soon to be summoned to their eternal rest.

Next morning, about eight o'clock, many of our friends came to bid us farewell. Brother White prayed; and, after a very affecting parting with our people, we went on board, and very soon set sail. The day was fine and pleasant: Nothing particular occurred. Before sun-set, we were in sight of St. Kitt's. A little after seven, we made the harbour and landed. Some of the friends met us on the beach. It was very affecting and gratifying, as we walked through the town, to hear several Negroes blessing their *Great Massa* for bringing us in safety. The kind lady, at whose house we were appointed to stay during the District, welcomed us to her house, and we were treated with the greatest kindness.

On FRIDAY we went to the Mission House, and heard the painful intelligence of Brother Gilgrass's illness, and that no hope was entertained of his recovery. Mrs. Gilgrass informed him of our arrival: He said, "Let me see them." We entered the room: He shook our hands, and said, his desire and prayer had been that he might see us once more: He spoke of his confidence in God, and of the glory into which he should soon enter. This was a source of great comfort to us.

On SUNDAY the large Chapel in Basseterre was well filled to hear the Missionaries preach.

On MONDAY morning, the District Meeting commenced, at which the Missionaries were engaged all the day.

SATURDAY night, the Band Meeting was held. How true is it that real religion is the same thing every where! Our dear black and coloured people would, however, often shame us at home, on account of the readiness and simplicity with which they speak of the things of God.

SUNDAY, 11th.—Brother Hyde preached an excellent sermon in the morning. Afterwards the Sacrament was administered by the Brethren. We looked round, and saw with joy the numbers waiting to commemorate the death of that Saviour, whose power to save there was so much reason to believe they had experienced. I then thought if our friends in England had seen the sight, how powerfully it would have stimulated them in collecting, in praying, and exerting themselves in every way to promote the cause of Missions. What has been effected by the blessed Gospel among this people, none can tell but those who have witnessed it. Our hearts were deeply affected and encouraged to persevere in that glorious cause to which God had called us.

MONDAY, 12th.—We attended the funeral of Brother Gilgrass. A great number of people assembled.

WEDNESDAY, 21st.—The business of the District Meeting closed. The next morning the Sacrament was administered to the Missionaries.

I shall pass over what Mr. Hyde has said about our arrival at Montserrat, our sailing from thence, and being driven back.

SUNDAY, 26th, *Montserrat*.—Brother Hillier read the Prayers and Lessons for the day. The Epistle was from the *2 Cor. xi.* During the reading of St. Paul's sufferings, my mind was deeply affected. At the words, "A night and a day I have been in the deep," the horrors of a shipwreck were suddenly presented to my view so forcibly, that I said to myself, "I could suffer any thing but shipwreck." The impression remained; and during the service it would still recur to my thoughts, "A night and a day I have been in the deep," and not until evening did I obtain relief from these horrible feelings.

MONDAY morning, whilst at prayer, the same impression returned; and as there appeared something so mysterious in this circumstance, in our delay, and other events, I could not but ask myself in silence, "What can this mean?" After much prayer and much deliberation as to leaving our own vessel, we went on board the *Maria* mail-boat. And here I wish it to be understood, that Brother White was not more determined to go in the *Maria* than the rest; for all were anxious to get to their labours in Antigua. I mention this, as I have heard him censured or removing to the *Maria*.

As soon as we got on board we retired to our births; the children had a bed on the cabin floor with the nurses. We soon set sail, and were much pleased with our comfortable accommodations. We often spoke of Brother and Sister Hyde, and of the kindness of several of the gentlemen and friends during our stay in Montserrat. In the course of the night the wind rose very high, and the sea became rough. We, however, went to sleep.

TUESDAY, 28th.—The morning was stormy, the sea breaking upon us so that we could not go on deck, and the wind was right a-head. All were very sick except myself and Mr. Hillier. Mrs. White was afraid the vessel would upset. Sister Truscott often inquired if we were approaching land. About four o'clock there was a cry of "Land! Antigua in sight!" Mr. Hillier called to us below, and bade us be of good cheer, as we should soon be on shore. The children revived, and said to each other, they should soon forget their sea sickness.

Mr. White's little boy, William, opened the hymn book and gave out a hymn; the rest of the little ones joined in singing; and then William, with a sense far above his years, began telling the other children the account of the Prophet Jonas, and other Bible histories. I recollect it as a curious co-incidence, that the little fellow, with an emphasis and seriousness which then powerfully called my attention, gave out the verse beginning with,

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head."

I had lain in my birth listening to the children, when suddenly my mind became greatly disturbed : The feeling was one I never experienced, for I was a stranger to fear at sea. My mind was filled with horror : I feared the vessel would sink, or something terrible happen. I attempted to pray, but for the moment could not. At length I cried, "Lord! Lord! help me!" I had scarcely uttered the words, when my mind became composed ; and though my apprehension for the safety of the vessel did not leave me, I repeated with great comfort that verse of our hymn,

"JESUS protects ; my fears be gone !
What can the Rock of Ages move?" &c.

I also sung,

"When passing through the wat'ry deep,
I ask in faith his promis'd aid," &c.

My mind remained stayed on God, though an oppressive anticipation of evil hung over me.

About this time the Steward brought down a light in the lantern ; the sea began to be very rough. Several times, Brother and Sister Truscott were alarmed, and thought the vessel would upset ; but little William kept saying to his mother, "Mamma ! don't be afraid ! no danger ! Mamma must not be frightened ; we shall soon be on shore." Soon after, the Steward came down in great haste : By his countenance we saw something was amiss. He took up the lantern in haste ; and when Sister White asked him what was the matter, he made no reply. We all jumped out of our births : The children and nurses were on the floor, and all were tumbled together, as the vessel turned on her beam-ends. The sea broke over us, and washed down into the cabin. With great exertion we got out : The mothers and nurses pushed up the children, every parent claiming his own. Brother White gave me his dear little baby whilst he was helping the others up. Mr. Jones came and laid hold of me, and assisted me to the side of the vessel which was highest out of the water. I asked him, what was the matter : He said, "There is danger ! let us pray ! The vessel has struck on the reefs, and there is no hope of being saved !" I remained holding to the side, with the sweet little baby in my arms, until the sea came so strong upon us, that I thought it proper to give it to its mother. I kissed the dear creature as I parted with it, and almost felt a mother's feelings. The captain and sailors were very much alarmed. The captain cried out, "Oh my vessel ! what will become of us ?" The sailors appeared panic-struck. The sea came rushing upon us, and washed away the boat with a Negro in it, who had been hit by the boom, and thrown into it in a senseless state. The mate, seeing the boat thus launched, jumped into it, intending to bring it to our

rescue; but the sea running high, it was carried down with the current. Now there appeared no hope of help. The captain looked eagerly after the boat, but it was soon out of sight: In a fit of despair he cried, "Oh! my men are gone! the boat is capsized!" All our hopes fled. The cries of the sailors were very great; and the Missionaries exhorted them to pray. The poor men clung about the Missionaries, and eagerly caught all they said. Then the captain ordered them to cut away the mast and rigging, he himself assisting. We were clinging to the bulwarks, and all engaged in prayer to God.

The fury of the sea continuing, suddenly broke up the vessel. The captain, with four sailors, the Brethren Hillier, Oke, and Jones, clung to the bows of the vessel; myself, Brother White and family, Brother Truscott, wife and child, two nurses, one gentleman passenger, and several of the sailors, who were holding by the bulwarks on the quarter-deck, at once went down with that part of the vessel to which we had trusted ourselves. When the wave had passed over, Mr. Jones cried out for me. I heard him, and cried out, "I am going!" But my feet were entangled in the rigging, which was the cause I was not washed away with the rest. Mr. Jones finding I was not far off by my voice, said, "Put out your hand." I put it out above the water, and he brought me up from a watery grave. I now heard the heart-rending shrieks of the dear children: Their cry was, "Oh, mamma! I am drowning! Oh, papa! save me! save me!" The little baby's cries were distressingly distinct.

One of the nurses had two children of her own on shore; she cried, "Oh! what will become of my children? They will be fatherless and motherless!" She then began to pray. Mr. Jones perceived her clinging to a part of the floating wreck in the water, but there was no possibility of helping her. He called out to her, "My Sister! pray, Oh, pray to God to receive your soul! He will provide for your children; leave them to Him!" She said, "Yes," and then said, "Lord, receive my soul! take me to thyself!" and calmly resigned her spirit to God. The other nurse cried out, "Farewell, Aunt! farewell, Sisters! we shall never meet on earth again! Oh, let us meet in heaven!" I trust, Eliza's prayer when drowning will be fully answered: She then said, "Farewell, Mrs. Jones! we shall meet in heaven!" I replied, "Farewell."

When the wave which broke up the vessel had passed over, the captain saw that I was rescued, and directed that I should be brought to the bowsprit. The captain said, "Let us cling to this part of the vessel, as it is the firmest, and will remain the longest together." He then inquired if I was safe: I answered, "Yes," but thought I should soon be exhausted, as I was very cold through sitting in the

water with my head just above the surface. I had no bonnet on, and the pieces of wreck came washing against me, and soon tore up the gown which I wore; so I had nothing to keep me warm. Mr. Jones pressed me to take his coat, but to this I could not consent. The captain, however, brought me an old jacket, which I thankfully received in this time of extreme necessity. As we sat on the wreck, the cries of the drowning sufferers [who appear for a short time to have been supported by the floating rigging and wreck] reached us from all parts: The Brethren and Sisters, with broken accents, still commanding their souls to God. Nothing but a full assurance that their sufferings would soon be ended, and that they would soon be admitted into glory, could have supported us in these awful moments; and they only reminded us of what we expected at length to be our own lot.

Every wave that came, appeared like a mountain, and threatened us with destruction. Oh, what a scene of horror presented itself: No moon,—no stars,—the sky dark,—the wind bursting in gusts upon us,—the sea roaring upon the rocks,—nothing to be seen but the lights in the harbour! Twice I lost my hold, in consequence of a large dog that was on board attempting to get on the wreck. The poor animal seeing my head out of water, came and put his feet upon it, and I was very near being suffocated before the Brethren perceived my danger.

By this time the cries and groans of the drowning sufferers had ceased. Mr. Jones remarked, "Now our Brethren's sufferings are over." Brother Hillier often spoke of his dear wife and children. The promise being named, "I will be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless," he answered, "Yes," and calmly resigned them to God.

Very little was said, except to the captain and sailors, who often inquired what they must do to be saved. The Missionaries pointed them to JESUS, as the Friend of sinners. Oh, how they died, preaching JESUS to the poor men! As the part of the ship we sat on still remained together, the captain said there was hope if we could hold on until morning.

WEDNESDAY, March 1.—The night appeared very long; towards morning every eye was directed towards the sky, anxiously longing for day-break. At length the sky cleared, and the sea was much calmer. We next discerned the tops of hills, and then the sun burst forth. Brother Hillier clasped his hands together, and said, "Bless God! we see the light of another day! Now, my Sister, we shall soon have help!" The captain said, if we had something with which to make a signal, it would soon be discerned. Mr. Oke and Mr. Jones took off their cravats, and tied them to a piece of wood and hoisted it. The Brethren often named the dear people in Antigua, saying, "If they knew our

situation, we should soon have help. Oh, how many would come to our aid!" Brother Oke said, pointing to an estate opposite us, " That is Mr. Byam's estate ; it is not more than three miles distant, perhaps they may see us, and come to our assistance." The house stands on a high hill, and commands a view of the sea. They could see with a telescope much farther than the reefs where we were wrecked : But Mrs. B. informed me afterwards, that, though scarcely a day passed without some one looking out with the glass, during the three days we were on the wreck, they had never thought of using it ; had they done so, they must have seen us.

To-day, the bodies of some of those drowned were seen floating with the rigging full in view ; our feelings at this sight cannot be described. It made me shrink from a watery grave, and long to die on shore. My mind was, however, led to contemplate the bliss of which their freed spirits were then partaking, and I had great comfort from this consideration. The captain ordered the sailors to cut the rigging adrift. It was so entangled with the wreck, that it prevented the dead bodies from floating away from us. The captain was very kind, and encouraged us all in his power. Vessels began to appear in sight. We saw a brig enter the harbour, which came very near us. We saw the sailors on board ; the captain even said, " They are coming now !" We eagerly looked, and wished for the moment of deliverance. At length we saw a schooner coming down towards us : Brother Hillier said, while joy beamed in his countenance, " Now, Sister Jones, help is coming !" Tears ran down his face, whilst he exclaimed, " I shall see my children again." Thus our hopes were raised ; but the schooner tacked about, and was soon out of sight.

Despair filled the minds of the sailors : The poor men often wondered that the man at Goat Hill Battery did not see them. The captain said, " He cannot be looking out." Mr. Kentish told me afterwards, that the man appointed to look out and make signals if he saw a vessel in distress, was not at his post, but on the other side of the island, which was one reason why we sat three days on the wreck without help ; he was afterwards discharged, and another appointed.

Mutual inquiries were now made into the state of our minds, in this time of distress ; and it fully appeared by what was said, we were all kept in peace : The Missionaries throughout were perfectly calm. As to myself, the lines of the hymn before mentioned, " JESUS protects ; my fears be gone," &c. were constantly dwelling on my mind. Mr. Jones said, how thankful he was to see me bear it so well, and hoped I was still resigned to die. I said, " Yes, but sometimes I think I shall be saved. I cannot think of any thing else. I see such power in God, and my faith is so

strong; but yet my mind is comfortably willing for God to do any thing with me."

Two of the sailors were so exhausted, that at times the waves washed them from their seats, and the other seamen several times recovered them; but all was in vain. The sea broke upon us, and washed the cook away; the steward was next carried off, and while clinging to the frame of the wreck, when drowning, we heard him praying for mercy. He was close by us when struggling with death, and when the sea washed him away he was still calling upon God.

We began to feel hunger. Brother Hillier complained of this, and seemed to want food the most. The day was now passing away; boats and schooners were still scudding along; but none approached us. The two remaining sailors were earnestly inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" The Missionaries pointed them to Jesus, and encouraged them to pray. They clung to the Brethren, and would not be satisfied but when they were talking. Oh, how eagerly did they receive every word of comfort and instruction! One poor black man often cried out, "Massa! Massa! my Great Massa! have mercy! have mercy!"

Night was fast approaching; and as no help had arrived, we concluded it would be the last we should see. The sun set, the wind rose, the sea swelled, and the waves came with greater violence. This brought to mind the horrors of the preceding night; and I trembled at the thought of passing another night in that situation. We were seized with cold, and sat shivering, clinging to each other to keep us warm. I shall never forget, so long as memory continues, the kind attention paid to me by the Brethren and captain. This night was almost as bad as the former one; but truly it was a night of prayer. If ever I felt the real value of religion, it was then. How foolish, how empty was every thing besides! How valuable was the little which I had, in time of danger!

THURSDAY, 2d.—At length day-light appeared, but our hopes were not so elated as the morning before. We had then thought

impossible not to have help; but one day's experience proved the contrary. The captain and sailors, with the rest, seemed to have very little hope; but as the sun burst out, we revived and hoisted our signal. The sea was not running so high as before. The captain said, if it was not for the current, one might swim as far as Sandy Island, which was but a mile and a half from us. Sometimes the sailors would say, "A schooner is coming!" We all thought so, and were ready to plunge into the water to meet it: Again our hopes were blasted. Nothing but the grace of God enabled us to submit; or we should have been like the poor captain and sailors, impatient for help.

Towards twelve o'clock by the sun, the sea became much calmer. Brother Hillier named his intention of swimming, if he could, to shore. The captain told him, he perhaps might swim to Sandy Island. Brother Hillier, not being aware of the strong current with which he would have to contend, seemed confident, and said, when a boy he could swim well. The captain said, he could not swim, or he would try. Brother Hillier said, he thought it his duty, then, to make the attempt to save himself and the rest. After praying for each other, he shook our hands, and said, "Farewell! God bless you! If we never meet on earth we shall meet in heaven!" He took out his watch and gave it to Brother Oke, who sat the next to him, and said, "Here is my watch: If I should not succeed, and you should be saved, give it to my wife." He then made ready and said, "Now, Brethren, it is for you as well as myself that I make the trial. If I get on shore I shall soon send out boats." He then said, "God bless you!" and plunged into the water. He set out very well; he swam, I should suppose, thirty or forty yards. We all had hopes; but he was obliged to stop; the current was too strong against him, or I believe he would have made the shore. After some time he returned back and endeavoured to reach the wreck: He got within a few yards, and a wave washed over us: When it had passed, I saw Brother Hillier on my side of the wreck, and I cried, "Oh, captain! Brother Hillier is drowning!" The captain said, all was over; for they should only lose their own hold, and could not save him, but endanger their own lives. The captain laid hold of a piece of wreck and pushed it out to him. Our poor Brother attempted to lay hold of it, but again he was washed away. At last, being quite exhausted, he gave us a last look, and shut his eyes. What were our feelings! Not a word was spoken; but his groans were heard. I shut my eyes; the sight I could not bear. The captain watched him, and soon he was carried down with the stream, and out of sight.

Mr. Jones said, "Brother Hillier's sufferings are at an end; and this will soon be our fate. We cannot live much longer." I found I got much weaker. Brother Oke said, "Our number gets less; it will soon be our lot." I could not speak; my heart was too full. I thought of Brother Hillier's wife and family, and our own loss: For in our situation we felt the loss of every one; and now began to say, "Who will be the next?"

The want of food and water was almost insupportable, as we had had nothing from Monday night, and this was Thursday. Our longing for water was indescribable, as the salt-water washing into our mouths, caused us to suffer more from thirst than we otherwise should have done. I now suffered also much from cold. Mr. Jones took off his coat, and insisted on me putting it on; as, being a

great coat, he thought it would keep me warmer. I availed myself of it, and he put on the jacket which the captain had kindly given me.

Towards sun-set, Brother Oke, seeing no hope of our being saved, asked the captain if he thought they could make Sandy Island, if they got on the mast that was floating by us. The captain said he had little hope, all of them being so weak, but he would try. He then laid hold of the rope; and the mast was brought to. While the captain and Brother Oke were making ready, Mr. Jones said to me, "We shall soon be alone." I asked him if he wished to try with them. He said, if I were not with him he would. I then told him, I would attempt it by getting on the other mast; or, if he would make the attempt with the captain, I would remain clinging on the bowsprit. Mr. Jones replied, "No, my dear, I will not leave you! We will remain together as long as we can."

The wreck began to unjoint, and we expected before morning it would quite separate. We suffered much from pieces of wood with nails in them, which, by the force of the water were driven against us, and tore our flesh. On that day the sun greatly scorched me; for, as I had no bonnet to screen my face, both my face and hands were blistered, and afterwards the skin and my finger nails came off. I am astonished, that after all I still live, and possess the perfect use of all my limbs and faculties.

The captain and one sailor got on the mast, but it would not answer, as it turned round with them. The captain was near being washed away; but he and the sailor got back on the wreck and said, they could not hold on the mast, and so they gave up the attempt. Vessels still were passing near us; the men were quite discernible, and we often said, "They must see us!" On the beach of Goat Hill, we could also see people walking; and the Negroes at work on an estate opposite. This was more trying than if we had seen no one.

Night again came on; and, as before, we expected it would be the last. Nature was almost exhausted; on the previous nights, the sea ran much higher, so that we could scarcely keep our hold, and this exhausted our strength; but on this night, the swell was not so great, and we were able to get a few minutes' sleep. One kept watch whilst the others slept. I was not so sleepy as Brother Oke and Mr. Jones, and I supported them while they slept. Brother Oke said he was quite surprised that I held it out the best; and Mr. Jones expressed his great thankfulness to God that I was kept so calm, and was so mercifully sustained. Indeed, with gratitude I remember the goodness of God to me; so that it was my greatest satisfaction to help them; and my own sufferings were lessened by the attentions I was able to afford to them.

When Mr. Jones awoke he appeared much better; he then looked out while I slept. In my sleep I dreamed, that help would come on that day; but of this there did not seem to be any hope.

FRIDAY, 3d.—Towards morning I was so faint with a violent pain at my stomach, that I could not support myself. When the sun broke out, the faintness increased, and I thought I was dying. I told Mr. Jones so, who said he saw I was much altered. He appeared to feel much for me; and, to revive me, bade me remember my dream: "Perhaps to-day," said he, "help may come. Do not give up, for my sake." I remained very ill until the sun became warm, then I gradually revived.

The day was much clearer than before, and we were much burnt with the sun. Poor Brother Oke was so weak he scarcely moved his hand. The captain and sailors appeared ready to yield; and frequently remarked it as strange, that the fishermen did not set out a fishing, as there were fish-pots placed all round us. In the course of the morning we saw a small boat not far from us, and hailed it. The captain and sailors said, "The people in the boat must see us;" but they did not speak, nor come to our help. After my recovery, I was informed by a gentleman on whose word I can depend, that it was through a fisherman mentioning he had seen the wreck about eleven o'clock, that assistance was sent out to us.

The Captain now thought of lead, as useful, when chewed, to relieve thirst, and ordered one of the sailors to get some from the port-hole. The Captain gave me a little, and Mr. Jones got a little. O how eagerly did I bite a piece! The Captain warned me against swallowing it, as it would soon kill me. I found it relieved me much.

Few words now passed between us. All seemed engaged in prayer. To-day the bodies of the children floated in our sight. Mr. Jones became drowsy and could not keep awake. Several times he was washed from me, but I recovered him. I held him while he slept. After sleeping, he was much refreshed, and desired me to sleep, and he would wake me when the waves came. While I was thus sleeping, Brother Oke thought he could swim to shore. I believe he could not have been perfectly sensible at the time, as there appeared no possibility of his reaching shore. The Captain and Mr. Jones attempted to persuade him not to try, but all in vain: He shook hands with Mr. Jones, and after a painful parting, was about to wake me, but Mr. Jones said, "Spare her feelings, do not wake her!" He then plunged into the water, but had not strength to use his hands, and very soon was carried away. When I awoke, missing Brother Oke, I inquired whether he had been washed away, and was informed of the circumstances by Mr. Jones.

Our sufferings were now so great, that death was truly desirable, though our minds were, by the great mercy of God, kept in perfect peace. One of the sailors attempted to get on shore with a plank ; but as soon as he set off, the plank gave way, and he was drowned. The last remaining sailor appeared almost dead when he was washed away. Night was now drawing on apace, and my dear Mr. Jones was gradually dying. I was obliged to hold him. The poor Captain was almost as ill as he.

There were now but three of us left. Mr. Jones could scarcely speak distinctly. Sometimes he would say, "Let me go, for I am dying!" Sometimes he asked me, "What could be the matter with him?" Every time a wave came it washed him almost from me ; he had no power to assist himself, and one at length bore him off, so that I had only hold of his coat collar. I called to the Captain, "Mr. Jones is drowning! Oh, if you can help me, do ! Do not let him drown, for he is dying ! Raise him and let him die in my arms !" The Captain turned round and attempted to assist, but could not. He was not able even to assist in lifting his foot over the bowsprit, but said, "It is all over ! I am dead almost myself. I cannot, I cannot assist you !" I then, by a last effort, got his head upon my shoulder ; but how I collected strength for the exertion, I cannot tell. I continued to hold him in my arms ; but frequently thought I must yield him up. Then again I thought, "Oh, if I can but save him until death has ended his sufferings, I shall be satisfied !" He spake after this ; but I could not answer him for weeping, and I now felt as though my heart would break. Mr. Jones then gave a struggle, and cried aloud, "Come, LORD JESUS !" This he repeated three times, and then exclaimed, "Glory !" I held him several minutes ; but he neither moved nor spoke afterwards. I spoke to him, and begged him, if still alive, to move his hand ; but life had fled.

I well remember feeling thankful, amidst all my sorrow, that I had been enabled so to help him as to keep him from drowning, and that he had not to struggle with death in the water. I had also the full assurance of his being admitted into heaven. This was to me an indescribable consolation. Though exhausted, I could not yield him to the waves ; my heart seemed to say, "Stop awhile before I let him go ;" but a wave at length washed him away, and he floated at my feet. The Captain to whom I called was not able to speak, or even to stir, being then almost dead. My feelings now quite overwhelmed me. The last thing I remember was my saying, "Farewell, I shall soon be with you."

I know not how much longer I continued, as I remained quite insensible ; but it could not have been long before I was rescued by Mr. Kentish and Mr. Ashford, who came to my assistance. They

have since told me how much they were surprised to see me sitting and not holding myself, my face resting on my hand, looking on the water, with my eyes fixed : Nor did I move, though a great noise was made with the boats and sailors. The first gentleman that touched me, says I asked him what he wanted ? He said he was come to my assistance. I then asked for water, and said, " Bring Mr. Jones ! He is there !" Meaning the place upon which my eyes had been fixed. They asked me my name, and they say that I told them " Mrs. Jones, of Parham." They conveyed me, with great care, from the wreck into the boat, and gave me some cordials ; but I can recollect nothing except my importunity in urging them to bring Mr. Jones to me. I pointed out a body to them, which had been for some time previously near my feet, and was not then cold ; but it proved to be the body of the Captain, which was taken on shore and received Christian interment. By the time we arrived at the beach I was nearly dead ; my pulse had almost ceased its beating, and all consciousness had completely fled.

In this exhausted and nearly inanimate condition I was landed. An immense crowd of persons waited on the beach, to receive and welcome all the survivors. It was well for me, that I was unconscious of their congratulations being lavished upon one solitary being. Many of the spectators inquired who I was ; and one of our friends who did not know me, has since told me that I was a frightful object to behold, on account of the distortion of my features.

I was carried to the house of Joshua Kentish, Esq. with very little hopes of recovery. But to the unwearied attention and perseverance of Dr. Peddie, with Mr. and Mrs. Kentish's kind care, I have under God to attribute my spared life. Never shall I, as long as memory continues, forget their kindness, and that of many others.

When I think of the scenes I passed through, I wonder that I could sustain them ; but I owe all to the grace of God, who brought me down to the grave, and has raised me up. It is mine to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband, and that of the Missionaries and their wives, with whom I had rejoiced and sorrowed.

On the Sunday after my deliverance, when my reason had perfectly returned, for a few minutes the agitation of my thoughts and feelings was such, that but for the special help of God I must have sunk under it. I then indeed felt that I was left alone ; yet my mercies abounded : The LORD had provided a house for my reception, and opened the generous hearts of those who rescued me, to show me the greatest kindness. In their house I was treated as one of the family, with every possible attention, till the morning I left the island. The LORD reward them !

In the most trying seasons of affliction and distress, I have never repented leaving the comforts of my native land ; and the cause for which I left it will be ever dear to my heart.

THE FOLLOWING ARE FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MR. HYDE'S
JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, March 12th, *Antigua*.—I this day improved, in St. John's, the great affliction wherewith the *LORD* has afflicted us. A more solemn and affecting scene I never witnessed. The Chapel and people were almost entirely clothed in mourning. In the forenoon I preached from the third chapter and first six verses of the Wisdom of Solomon: “ But the souls of the righteous are in the hands of *God*, and there shall no torment touch them ; in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction ; but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality, and having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded ; for *God* proved them, and found them worthy for himself. As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt-offering.” After some remarks suited to the occasion, I observed, Notwithstanding our text is taken from the Apocrypha, it is full of truth ; truth supported by well-authenticated passages of revelation ; truth explanatory and consoling in the situation in which we are found. Here we are taught the following very acceptable and important particulars :—1. The high estimation in which *God* holds the souls of the righteous, and the special care he takes of them : “ The souls of the righteous are in the hands of *God*, and there shall no torment touch them.” 2. That notwithstanding this especial care of *God* for the *souls* of the righteous, the same event, namely, *death*, befalls their *bodies*, as the bodies of other men, and that the occasion of their death has often no marked difference. 3. The false way of reasoning into which the “ unwise ” are prone to fall, when they witness such apparent indistinction. (Verses 2 and 3.) And, finally, the design of *God* in such a dispensation as that over which we mourn, is here stated in such a way as to confound the reasonings of unbelief, to justify the ways of *God* with man, and to comfort and strengthen us who now grieve over that great loss which we have sustained, in the death of so many righteous persons who lived for us, and who died so mysteriously. (Verses 4, 5, and 6.) Having considered the various parts of the text in their application to our dear departed Brethren and their families, and our imaginations having had a glimpse of their glorious ascent to heaven from the altar of their Redeemer’s merits, as a “ burnt sacrifice, an offering of a sweet savour unto the *LORD*,” we

proceeded to consider some of the probable ends which God designed should be accomplished through this affliction. Among others were the following: 1. To humble the people of Antigua generally, and the Methodist Society particularly. 2. To cause us who survive to preach more fully like dying men to dying men. 3. To confound our reasoning and to strengthen our faith. 4. To lead all who sat under the ministry of his now glorified servants to think more seriously of what they have heard, and to practise the same. 5. To endear heaven to us the more, and to weaken our earthly affections. 6. To teach us to glory less in man and more in God, and to display the power, the wisdom, and glory of the Great Head of the Church in raising up others to stand in their places. 7. To awaken a more active spirit of prayer throughout the Church for Missionaries and their work, and to excite a more lively interest generally in the blessed Missionary cause. 8. Perhaps to save the souls of the crew of the vessel. These probable designs of the Almighty in this affliction having occupied our attention for some time, it was observed in conclusion, Let us pray to God that he would make this dispensation plain to us, and cause it to answer all his designs of wisdom and goodness: And whilst we thus pray, let us be willing to do our part; let us endure the rod in a Christian spirit, and humbly kiss the hand of Him who uses it; yea, with the devout poet let us say,

“Bless'd be that hand! whether it shed
Mercies or judgments o'er my head;
Extend the sceptre or the rod;
Blest hand! 'tis still the hand of God.”

It was a very affecting, and I trust, a profitable season. The distress of the people at one time was so great, that I was obliged to stop for a few minutes to give them an opportunity to vent, by tears and groans, their deeply afflicted hearts. Truly it might be said, “This is a grievous mourning.” In the evening, to a large congregation, I again improved the death of the Missionaries, from Joshua i. 28; “My servant is dead.”

MONDAY, March 13th.—I had an opportunity of thanking Dr. Peddie to-day for the great attention he had paid to Mrs. Jones. He, I understood, slept at Mrs. Kentish's three or four nights on her account. I told him that the Missionary Society would gladly pay his bill. To this he most generously replied, “Sir, it is altogether an act of benevolence, and I should never forgive myself if I charged a farthing.” This was said with so much feeling, that I was almost as much gratified with the manner as with the act.

TUESDAY, 14th.—I spent some time with Sister Jones, and in the evening preached in Ebenezer Chapel, from, “Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance, cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great

recompense of reward." The following is an extract from the *Weekly Register* newspaper of this day: "Mr. George Newbold, late mate of the mail-boat Maria, arrived here on Saturday morning from St. Bartholomew's. He reports, that he and the man who were saved in the boat of the Maria, endeavoured to scull the boat to the vessel, but found it impossible to reach her, from the boisterous weather and heavy sea that was running, added to which, part of the boat's stern was stove in, and no proper place remained for sculling; they, however, used every possible exertion to return, but were unsuccessful, and by next morning they had drifted down to the back of Nevis, where they were fallen in with by a French sloop, which took them on board, and conveyed them to St. Bartholomew's."

WEDNESDAY, 15th.—Mr. and Mrs. Morgan arrived this morning from Dominica, which place they left on Sunday morning last. We met in tears. At noon, we went to see Sister Jones, who, by the mercy of God, is fast recovering. In the afternoon I went to English Harbour; saw sister Hillier, who bears up under her affliction in a most Christian manner; and at night, to a full chapel, I improved the afflicting dispensation. The chapel was hung with black, and most of the people appeared in mourning. The expressions of sorrow that every where meet the eye or salute the ear, cannot be described. So great has been the demand for mourning, that it has taken an extensive rise. May this prove to many a godly sorrow, that shall work repentance unto eternal life! Then indeed the servants of God will not have died in vain.

FRIDAY, 17th.—I called at the office of the Editor of *The Free Press* to-day, for the purpose of contradicting a mistake in his paper of last week. Writing on the wreck, with feeling for the sufferers and indignancy towards some who are represented to have seen the wreck without affording relief, he adds, "Mr. Hillier, in a paroxysm of disappointment and despair, seeing they were thus bereft of the only probable chance of relief, on Thursday plunged into the sea and perished." On being better informed, he regretted the error, and has written a paragraph contradicting it in a satisfactory manner. A general feeling of sympathy and affection prevails. Some who did not look at the Missionaries favourably when living, now speak well of them. "Oh! what a pity that so many good people have been taken from us!" "What a loss to the island!" &c. are some of the exclamations which are to be heard. May God, of his infinite mercy, grant that this great loss may be so felt as to awaken some to righteousness who are now strangers to it!